

THE  
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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LETTER I.

AMBLESIDE, WESTMORELAND, }  
ENGLAND, AUGUST 22, 1849. }

I promised you, my young friends, to give you some account of myself and my experiences after I left America; and though I have not as yet much to say, I will do the best I can to carry you along with me.

On the first of August we, that is my sister and my son and myself, set sail in the Caledonia for England. We heard the words "All ashore!" and we were forced to say that sad word farewell to so many dear ones who accompanied us to the steamer to see us off, that our hearts and eyes were over full, and it did seem, then, as if we were parting from all that made life dear and beautiful to us; and we almost wondered why we did so foolish a thing as to go away from them. While we were looking at them all as they stood on the wharf, we heard a cry of "Cut the rope—cut the rope," and saw

every one looking over the other side of the vessel. It seems three men, in a little fishing boat fastened to a buoy, were looking at the steamer as she turned round so majestically to leave the wharf, and did not perceive that they were in her track, and in a moment found themselves almost under her. We ran, as we heard the cry, to see what was the matter, and saw the boat, as it seemed to us, under the wheel; just as the paddles struck her, the men jumped out into the water, and in another instant we saw them all swimming, but the boat had disappeared entirely. The captain stopped our engine, and ordered out the boat, but before it could be got out, another one was at hand to pick up the three men, and seeing them all safe, we proceeded on our way. We saw eleven boats coming to the rescue of the fishermen. We turned again for a last look at our dear friends, and waved our handkerchiefs to them till we could see them distinctly no longer.

At dinner the captain asked me to take a glass of wine. I told him it was contrary to my custom to drink wine, but I would take a very little with him that day, in commemoration of the first of August, when his government had abolished slavery in the British dominions, and set us Americans an example that I hoped we yet might follow.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, we were out of sight of land; one by one, we had taken leave of every object in our own land which could be seen from the departing vessel; and now nothing was visible to us but the sky, the ocean meeting it in its wide, unbroken circle, the sun gradually sinking in the west, and our small but only house, the ship. How strange, how sublime the

scene was to me. So lonely, so magnificent, so solemn. At last the sun set, gilding the clouds, and looking, to my tearful eyes, as if that too said farewell ! Then the moon appeared ; and the long, indefinite line of light from where her rays first touched the waters to our ship, and the dancing of the waves as they crossed it, catching the light as they passed, was so beautiful that we were unwilling to leave the deck when the hour for rest arrived.

The wind was against us, and we did not get on very fast, but we enjoyed the novel scene the next day, and passed all our time on deck, watching the sailors and the passengers, and noticing the difference between Englishmen and Americans. Two things struck me immediately. The different tone and different gait of the English people. The American moves languidly, unless he has something especial to do. The Englishman and the English woman move briskly, with an elastic tread, as if they loved to move and it was very easy for them to do so. Americans drawl their words, and dwell upon the vowels. The English clip them off, and speak in a quick, crisp manner. Americans often look sickly. The English almost always look healthy.

On Saturday morning we passed a vessel quite near ; Our captain hailed her, and asked the captain if he had seen any ice ; he said no, and then added that the new steamer Kestral was lost as she was taking the news to Halifax. This made us all feel sad, and cast a cloud over that day otherwise bright, though very cold, with an east wind right in our faces. I have omitted to mention our stopping at Halifax. We went ashore there ; but it is a dirty, miserable looking place. The

harbor is very beautiful, but the neighboring coasts are very dangerous in bad and foggy weather.

On Sunday it was still colder, and the wind, still contrary, rose higher and higher; it was impossible to set any sail; and we began to wish most earnestly for a fair west wind, but still kept on deck, and thus avoided sickness. Soon after breakfast we saw a white foam rising in different places occasionally, and were told that it was whales spouting; we saw a great number, and enjoyed it highly. Presently some one called out, "An iceberg!" and, far off against the sky, we saw this floating wonder. It was very beautiful; such a dazzling white, so calm and majestic, and so lonely; it was shaped, as I thought, like an old cathedral, but others thought like a sleeping lion, taking what I called the ruined tower for his head and mane.

Soon after this, the man on the look-out cried, "Steamship America," and in a few moments more we saw her coming swiftly towards us with her sails all set, for the wind was fair for her. Captain Leach then told me that he should stop his vessel and send a boat on board, and that he would send a letter by it if I would write one quickly; to others he said the same thing. In a moment the deck was cleared, and in a few more moments all had returned with their letters, and never was there a more beautiful sight than these two fine steamers manœuvring to stop at a respectful distance from each other; then our little boat was lowered, and oh how pretty it was to see her dancing over the rough waves to the other steamer. We sent to the America the sad news of the loss of the Kestrel. After what seemed to us a long time, the boat returned and brought



papers, &c., but no important news ; and in a few moments the two steamers curtesied to each other, and each went on her way.

I should have mentioned that one evening previous to this day, we saw afar off a bright light, and the captain thought it perhaps the America, so he sent up three rockets from the top of the wheel box, and then held up a blue light for some time, but received no return signal. Never did rockets look more beautiful, and it was certainly a brilliant way of conversing.

This day so full of pleasant incidents, was Sunday, the fifth day from our departure, — the last day of our enjoyment. The cold, bitter east wind became more violent and disagreeable, the motion of the vessel more uncomfortable every day. We saw no more whales, no more icebergs, no more steamers. We soon lost sight of Newfoundland. We were alone on the deep ! Many of the passengers were too sick to be on deck ; others could but just climb up the narrow, steep stairs, and when there remained all day, to avoid the sickness they suffered in the cabin.

The waves grew rougher and rougher, the wind, still from the same quarter, grew more violent and cold. I first gave up going to table, and at last could not climb up on the deck. I was obliged to be down on one of the cabin sofas nearly all the time. It seemed as if the elements were all against us. I heard that there were only some half dozen passengers at the captain's table. Almost every one was sick and gloomy.

After six days the waves had risen to a terrible height, the wind was all but a gale ; the ocean as far as one could see was one roaring foam ; one after another the

angry billows rose to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and rolled on, curling over their green sides, and then broke with a voice of thunder against our vessel. I crawled out of the cabin, assisted by two gentlemen, and from the lower deck saw the sublime commotion over the bulwarks, when the ship rolled over on the side where I was sitting. The sea broke over our vessel repeatedly; it went over the top of the smoke-pipe, and struck the fore-topsail in the middle, but did not hurt either of them. The fourth officer was washed out of his berth by a sea when he was asleep. One of the paddles broke, but in a very short space of time was replaced. One of the wheels was often entirely out of water, but no harm was done us by any of these disasters; and on we went safe through the troubled waters. At night, when we were planning how we should secure ourselves from rolling about the cabin, there came a sudden lurch of the ship, and every thing moveable was sent *slam bang* on one side of the cabin, and such a crash of crockery in the pantry! A few minutes after came a sound as if we had struck a rock. "What is that?" I asked of the stewardess. "Only a sea, ma'am," she replied. In my heart I hoped we should not have another such box on the ear. One of the ladies in the cabin was much frightened, and began to express her fears openly. She said that she was prepared for a watery grave, that she had taken leave of her children whom she had left in America, and that she had said then that she did not expect ever to see Mr. G. again; but if we hoped that the Lord would save us, we must cry out to him; for it was only those who cried upon the Lord that were saved. No one replied.

She was sitting on the floor. I was lying on it, too sick to sit up. At last an Irish lady said that she did not believe that we should go to the bottom ; that she knew that the wind would go down, and that we should go safe, for she wanted to be buried in America by the side of her husband ; and that she was sure that it was the will of God that she should go and return safely. " You must not think of temporal things, but of the day of judgment," said the other lady. " But I know it will be a fine day, and that there is no need of thinking of the day of judgment, and that we shall not be drowned," said the Irish lady. The English lady blamed her, and threatened her again with the day of judgment. At last they both became quite excited, and just then the stewardess entered ; and the lady who thought we were to be drowned appealed to her, if she was not right in urging the Irish lady to think of the day of judgment. " In my humble opinion," said the stewardess, " you are very wrong, ma'am ; if any one has a pious thought, let her keep it to herself for her own comfort ; but to say what you have been saying I think wrong, for it only disturbs the minds of others."

The English lady looked disappointed, and said no more, but placed herself between some trunks that had been fixed carefully for the night so as that they could not be moved by the rolling of the ship, and began to read her Bible. Presently the Irish lady, almost at the risk of her limbs, — for there was no standing or walking safely, — went to some berths and got some pillows and blankets, and put them round the English lady to make her more comfortable in her queer corner. The good lady was astonished, and looking down upon me, who

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was lying on the floor not far from her, she said, "Well, she is a good woman, after all." "Yes," I said, "and I think good deeds are the best preparation for the day of judgment."

We had a horrid night, but the next day it grew quieter, though it was still rough, and the wind ahead. Soon after it grew fair, and the captain promised us that on Monday, before twelve o'clock, we should see Ireland; and sure enough it was so. I was on deck again just at twelve, the sun came out of the clouds, and the mate took an observation. "That is worth five pounds," said he, "now I know just where we are." Then the captain went up on the wheel-box, and we heard the welcome sound, "Tory Island." We were then greatly rejoiced; this was the twelfth day of our voyage. At night, for one hour, the wind blew a gale, and the ship rocked in a very disagreeable manner; but at six o'clock on Tuesday morning we were on deck, and there was the beautiful Welsh coast, and Snowden just taking off her night-cap; and soon we saw "England, that precious stone set in a silver sea."

Next to the thought of friends whom we had parted from for so long a time, my mind during the voyage was occupied with the idea of Columbus; when I looked upon the rude, boundless ocean, and remembered that when he set out with his little vessel to go to a land that no one knew anything of, not even that there was such a land, he was guided altogether by his faith in its existence, that he had no sympathy, but only opposition, that he had no charts, nothing but the compass, that sure but mysterious guide, — the thought of his sublime courage, of his patient faith, was so present to my mind,



that it seemed as if I was actually sometimes in his presence.

The other idea was the wonderful skill displayed in the construction of the small, but wonderfully powerful and beautifully arranged and safe home, in which we were moving on this immense and turbid ocean, carrying within her the great central fire by which the engine was moved, which in spite of winds and waves carried us safely along; then the science which enabled the master of this curious nutshell of man's contriving to know just in what part of this waste of trackless waters we were. All these things I knew before, and had often thought of them, but was never so impressed with them; it was almost as if they were new to me.

Before I quit the ocean, I must tell you of what I saw for which I cannot account, and had not one of the gentlemen seen it too, I should almost have doubted my senses. When we were entirely out of sight of land, I saw a white butterfly hovering over the waves, and looking as if he were at home. Where the beautiful creature came from, or how he lived, or what would become of him, no one could tell. He seemed to me to be there as a symbol and a declaration that the souls of those whose bodies lay in the ocean were yet living and present with those they had loved.

When we arrived at Liverpool, we found a very dear friend whom we had known in America, on the wharf, ready to receive us. He took us to his house, and we felt that we were not, after all, in a strange land; love and kindness are the home of all souls, and show us what heaven must be.

Liverpool has nothing remarkable in it, save its won-

derful docks ; there is nothing like them in the world, as every one knows ; but I cannot describe them. The thing that impressed me most was the coloring of the houses, the streets, the ground, of every thing ; no bright colors, all sober, some very dark, — the idea of age, gravity and stability. Nobody seems in a hurry ; every one seems quiet. Our country seems so young and vehement, — this so grave and collected. We had, however, a hearty laugh at what ought not to have inspired merriment, and that was a funeral. We saw three carriages with tall black plumes stuck upon the tops ; they looked as if they were put there for fun, but this was meant for honor to the dead. It struck me as very absurd.

After a very pleasant stay of five days at Liverpool, we came here to visit our very dear friend, Miss M. Every one has heard of her beautiful home at Ambleside, and here we have the great happiness to be, at present.

Nothing can exceed the loveliness, the surpassing beauty of the scenery. But our visit to this beautiful country I must leave till my next letter. We have yet seen only a small part of what is interesting. In my next I shall tell you more. E. L. F.

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“HE that would not fall into temptation, must have a presence of mind, a watchful eye over himself ; he must have great things in view, distinguish betwixt time and eternity ; or else he will follow what passion, not what reason and religion suggest.” *Wilson's Sacra Privata.*

## THE PEDLER OF DUST STICKS.

A TRUE STORY.

## CHAPTER IV.

THUS did Henry live a useful, honorable and happy life, — the natural result of his industry, perseverance, uprightness, and true benevolence. Like Ben Adhem, he had shown his love to God by his love to man.

One of his sons had come to this country, to set up a cane and whalebone factory in New York. His father had aided him as far as he thought best for him, but urged him to depend as far as possible upon his own industry and ability. This son followed his father's example, and was very successful, but was obliged, on account of the bad effects of our climate upon his health, to return to his native land; his father, who was anxious to visit the United States, and wished much to see his daughter again, who was particularly dear to him, determined to come for awhile in his place. His health also, which began to fail, he thought might be benefitted by a sea voyage. One reason why he wished much to visit America was, that he might see with his own eyes the position of the laboring classes in the free States. Of the Slave States he never could think with patience.

His daughter told me that the only time she ever saw her father lose his self-command, was when a gentleman who had just returned from the West Indies defended slavery, and said that the negroes were only fit to be

slaves; his anger was irrepressible, and although it was at his own table, he could not help showing it.

Nothing could exceed his delight at what he saw in this part of our country; the appearance every where of prosperity and comfort, the cheerful look of our mechanics and laborers, their activity, the freedom and joyousness of their manners, all spoke to him of a free, prosperous and happy people. He was only, for any long time, in New York, where his son's factory was, and in Massachusetts, where his daughter lived. Unhappily his health did not improve. On the contrary it failed almost daily. Still he enjoyed himself much. While in this part of the country, he took many drives round the environs of Boston with his daughter, and expressed the greatest delight at the aspect of the country, particularly at the appearance of the houses of the farmers and mechanics.

He found when in the city of New York that his attention to his son's business was too much for his strength, so he resolved to travel. "Nature," he said, "will cure me; I will go to Niagara." He brought with him as a companion and nurse, his youngest son, a lad of fifteen years of age. He went every where with him. When he arrived at Niagara, he would not go to the Falls with any other visitors; he only allowed his son to accompany him. When he first saw this glorious wonder of our western world, he fell on his knees and wept; he could not contain his emotion. He was a true worshipper of nature, and he courted her healing influences, but he only found still greater peace and health of mind; his bodily health did not return.

His daughter, who, like all Germans, held a festival every Christmas, wrote to urge him to pass his Christ-



mas with her at her Massachusetts home ; he was then in New York. He replied that he was too ill to bear the journey at that season. The pleasure of the thought of her Christmas evening was gone, but she had just determined to make it as pleasant as she could to her husband and children, though her thoughts and her heart were with her sick father, when a telegraphic notice arrived from her father in the morning, saying he would be with them at 8 o'clock in the evening. With the Germans, the whole family make presents to each other, no matter how trifling, but some little present every one receives. Henry's little grand-daughter was dressed in as fairy-like a style as possible, and presented her grandfather with a basket of such fruits as the season would allow of, as the most appropriate present for a lover of nature. And a very happy evening the good man had with his children.

He was forced to return to New York, and it was not many months after that his daughter heard that he was very ill at Oyster Bay, where he had gone to a water cure establishment. She went immediately to him, and remained with him, nursing him and reading to him, till he was better, though not well. During this period, when he was able to bear the fatigue, his daughter drove him in a gig round the neighboring country, and she told me that such was his interest in the laborers, that he would never pass one without begging him to stop, and asking him questions about his mode of working, &c. He could not speak English, but she was the interpreter. At last he insisted upon his daughter's returning to her family. There was something so solemn, so repressed in his manner, when he took leave of her,

that she was afterwards convinced that he knew he should never see her again; but he said no word of the kind. His health grew worse, his strength failed daily, and he determined to return to Germany, so as to die in his native land. He wrote to his daughter to ask her, as a proof of her love for him, not to come to say farewell to him; she was ill at the time, and submitted with a sad and aching heart.

She had seen her dear, excellent father for the last time. He lived to arrive in Hamburg. His workmen, when they heard of his arrival, went to the vessel and bore him in their arms to his country house, where he died eight days afterwards. He showed his passionate love of nature in these his last hours; for when he was so weak as to be apparently unconscious of the presence of those he loved, he begged to be carried into his garden to hear the birds sing, and look upon his flowers once more. When he knew he was breathing his last, he said to his children who were standing around his bed, "Be useful, and love one another."

His death was considered a public calamity in Hamburg. His workmen felt that they had lost their benefactor and brother; his children knew that life could never give them another such friend.

His body was placed in the great hall in his country house, and surrounded by orange trees in full bloom; flowers he loved to the very last, and flowers shed their perfume over him when the mortal garment of his great and beautiful soul was withdrawn from human sight. One after another, his workmen and his other friends came and looked at his sweet and noble countenance, and took their last farewell of him.

In Germany, when a distinguished man dies, he is carried to the grave on an elevated hearse decorated with all the trappings of woe ; but Henry's workmen insisted upon carrying their benefactor and friend to his last home upon their arms and shoulders ; their sorrowing hearts were the truest mourning, the only pomp and circumstance worthy of the occasion, and their streaming eyes were the modest and unobtrusive, but most deeply affecting pageant of that day. All the inhabitants followed him, with mourning in their hearts. Remembering his love for flowers, in three different places Henry's fellow citizens made arches of flowers for his mortal remains to pass under, as the most appropriate testimonial of their love for him. The public officers all followed him to the grave, and the military paid him appropriate honors. Three different addresses were delivered over his body by distinguished speakers, and then hundreds and hundreds of voices joined in singing a hymn to his praise written by a friend.

Henry made such an arrangement of his business, and left such directions about it, as to make sure that his workmen should, if they wished it, have employment in his factory for ten years to come. He divided his property equally amongst his children, and bequeathed to them all his charities, which were not few, saying that he knew that they would be sacred with them, and that they would do as he had done.

Among the many beautiful things that were written in honor of this good, great man, I give the following, as peculiarly simple and just.

ON THE GRAVE OF THE GOOD, GREAT MAN.

“ Henry ———, a *man* in the best sense of the term, strong in body and soul, with a heart full of the noblest purposes, which he carried out into action, without show and with a childlike mind.

Thankful for the smallest gift to the Great Giver of all things. To his family a devoted father: to his friends a faithful friend: to the state a useful citizen: to the poor a benefactor: to the dying a worthy example.

Why was this power broken in the prime of life? Why were the wings of this diligent spirit clipped? Why were the beatings stopped of this heart which beat for all created things? Sad questions, which can only find an answer in the assurance that all which God wills for us is good.

Peace be with thee, friend and brother. We can never forget thee."

Such a life needs no comment ; its eloquence, its immortal power is in its reality. This is a true story. We can never forget the Pedler of Dust Sticks.

The following lines are a literal translation of a sort of irregular poem in blank verse, spoken over his grave :

“ He sleeps! our friend sleeps in the narrow house.  
 Brothers! your tears, your prayers wake him no more,  
 Though from the aching heart they flow.  
 His voice is silent now, his eyes are closed.  
 That hand is cold which once pressed ours,  
 And joined with ours in labor and in love.  
 Our friend is dead, your tears shall wake him not,  
 Nor shall your prayers: here in this narrow house he  
 sleeps.



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Around their father's grave the children stand,  
And mourning friends are shedding bitter tears ;  
With sorrowing faces men are standing here,  
Whose tender love did bear him in their arms  
In sickness once, and now once more in death,  
Him who protector, friend and helper was ;  
And many eyes whose tears he wiped away,  
Weep at his narrow house to-day.

Stern death doth loosen every bond,  
And nought returneth from his cold embrace.  
He passes over land and stream ;  
He sweeps away the rich and poor ;  
The aged and the strong he takes away :  
His breath has robbed us of our friend.

When the frail vestments of the soul  
Are hidden in the tomb, what then remains to man ?  
The memory of his deeds is ours.  
Oh sacred death, then, like the flowers of spring,  
Many good deeds are brought to light.  
Blessed and full of love, good children  
And true friends stand at his grave,  
And there with truth loudly declare  
A noble soul has gone to heaven ;  
Rich seed has borne celestial fruit ;  
His whole day's-work now in God is done.  
Thus speak we now over thy grave,  
Our friend, now glorified and living in our hearts,  
A lasting monument thou thyself hast built  
In every heart which thy great worth has known.

Yes, more than marble or than brass, our love  
Shall honor thee, who dwellest in our hearts.

These tears, which pure love consecrates to thee,  
Thou noble man whom God has called away  
From work which He himself has blessed,—  
These grateful tears shall fall upon the tomb  
That hides the earthly garment of our friend.

Oh let us ne'er forget the firm and earnest mind  
Which bore him swiftly onward in his course;  
How from a slender twig he built a bridge  
O'er which he safely hastened to the work  
Which youthful hope and courage planned.  
Think how the circle of his love embraced  
His children and his children's children, all  
His highest joy their happiness and good.

Think how he labored for the good of all,  
Supporter, benefactor, faithful friend;  
How with his wise and powerful mind  
He served and blessed his native place;  
His works remain to speak his praise.

How did his generous, noble spirit glow  
With delight at all the good and beautiful  
Which time and human skill brought forth.  
He ever did the standard gladly gain  
Which light and truth and justice raised;  
And when his noble efforts seemed to fail,  
Found ever in his pure and quiet breast a sweet repose.

We give to-day thy dust to dust.  
Thy spirit, thy true being is with us.  
Thou art not dead, thou art already risen.  
Loved friend, thou livest, and thou watchest o'er us still.  
Oh dry your tears, be hushed your sighs;

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Victor over death, our friend still lives ;  
Takes his reward from the great Master's hand.  
Deep night has passed away, on him  
Eternal morning breaks. He,  
From the dark chamber of the grave,  
Goes to the light of the All Holy One.

Weep, weep no more ! look up with hope on high.  
There does he dwell : he liveth too on earth.  
The Master who has called him hence to higher work,  
Tomorrow will call us, — perhaps to-day.  
Then shall we see him once again ; he who went home  
From earth in weakness and in pain,  
Is risen there in everlasting joy and strength.  
Till then we here resolve to live like him,  
That we like him may die, religious, true and free."

E. L. F.

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### THE WAY OF A HAPPY LIFE.

"LAY nothing too much to heart ; desire nothing too eagerly ; rejoice not excessively, nor grieve too much for disasters ; be not violently bent on any design, nor let any worldly cause hinder you from taking care of your soul ; and remember that it is necessary to be a Christian (that is, to govern one's self by motives of Christianity) in the most common actions of civil life." —  
*Wilson's Sacra Privata.*

## THE BOY OF LUCERNE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAVUS VON HEERINGEN.

[Concluded.]

It will be remembered that Kuoni had fainted away, through exhaustion, beneath the walls of the Hunwyl palace. Upon recovering, he was "wrapped in the arms of a profound and refreshing sleep; he had indeed no soft pillow beneath his limbs, for the pavement was his only bed; his tender and beautiful head reposed against the hard wall of the palace, beneath the battlements and gables of which dwelt the blind old nobleman who knew such beautiful stories, with young John his generous protector, the friend and divinity of his childish soul; — and for that reason Kuoni's slumber was deep and tranquil."

Upon awaking in the morning, with aching limbs, he returned to his father's house, the door of which stood wide open. He quickly ascended to his little chamber, and putting off his clothes, which were steeped in the night-dew, laid himself down on his own bed. "Oh how sweetly he now slept! How inexpressibly balmy and refreshing was his repose! The young only can thus sleep." When he awoke, he found himself tenderly watched by his brain-sick, though affectionate mother, who, in the universal uproar, had left the hospital and found her way to her dear boy, whom she now washed, and combed, and caressed with unutterable fondness. For a time Kuoni yielded himself to her tender dandling; but suddenly the past flashed on him; in tumultuous



agitation he called for his friend John, burst into tears, and tried to rush from his mother's arms. While both were thus engaged, they had paid no heed to the heavy steps of a person who had mounted the stairs and knocked many times at the door.

"No one calling out, 'Come in,' the door now was softly opened, an inquisitive face peered into the interior of the apartment, and a large dog, having a black head spotted with brown, pushed in before his master, and straightway ran up to the sitting woman and boy, snuffing round them, and then thrusting his head into the boy's hand, which he licked with his soft tongue. 'Toggi,' suddenly cried out Kuoni, who raised himself from his mother's bosom, wiped the tears from his eyes, and sprang to his feet. 'Toggi, Toggi,' and behind him appeared his master, who had in the meanwhile entered the room. Joy and contentment beamed from Herr Burkhardt's dark, ruddy face; he was drest in his holiday attire, with a vest bordered with fur and decorated with rich silver spangles and buttons. He now grasped Kuoni's shoulders with his strong, broad hands, and scrutinized him as though his eyes would pierce him through. — 'Yes,' he then cried in his Stentorian voice, under which the little habitation trembled, 'yes, this is the boy! You are he, if I am not mistaken; — are not you the tailor's son? — Many insist that you are not, but only his adopted child.'

'I am not!' vociferated Kuoni, as on the preceding evening, 'he is not my father!'

'You must know all about it, wise-acre,' said Master Burkhardt with a laugh; 'never mind now, however; mount the table, quick, up with you, my boy.'

As Kuoni hesitated to obey the order, Master Burkhardt with no further ceremony caught him under the arms, and lifted him lightly as a feather on the tailor's table. The mother then interposed between him and the stout butcher. 'What do you want with him?' she cried; 'what would you have? the boy is mine.'

'If he is the devil's,' cried Master Burkhardt, impatiently, 'I must have him now. Do not be uneasy, woman, no harm shall befall him, upon my honour. Here, mount my shoulder, and seat yourself as though I were your horse — your right leg on this shoulder, your left here; — there, now we will go. How do you sit, my boy?' — In an instant, yielding rather to main force than to his own inclination, Kuoni was riding on Master Burkhardt's well-cushioned shoulders. He tried to release himself, he threw out his legs and kicked, but the butcher held him tight in his hands. Toggi barked during this procedure, but whether from pleasure or from disapprobation was not ascertained. Away went Herr Burkhardt with his booty, and Toggi by his side, wagging his tail. After her first resistance, the woman made no farther opposition. On the contrary, the big well-dressed man — for so Herr Burkhardt appeared — pleased her. The honor he paid to her boy in permitting him to ride on his shoulders, satisfied the instinct of her maternal heart that there was nothing to fear.

While Kuoni had calmly and sweetly slumbered on his bed, until awakened by his mother, his name and his adventure with Toggi had been flying from mouth to mouth and exciting the whole people. Things were in this state, when Master Burkhardt was seen with the rider on his shoulders, and Toggi by his side, wagging his

tail in high good humor, proceeding along the market street, surrounded and followed by swarms of exulting boys and an eager multitude of grown up people. The butcher's dark ruddy face beamed from afar, glowing with enthusiasm, and as he marched along with a majestic step, his deep-toned voice was heard from time to time shouting, 'Here, here, here, Men of Lucerne, I am bringing him whom you seek! Here he is, on my shoulders! Look at the pretty rogue on my back! He it is, no other—he it is, who saved the city! And here by my side is Toggi, the very Toggi to whom the secret was entrusted, who has been my dog for years. Here, here, citizens. Come, make a ring round him; do him honor!'

'Hey! Master Burkhardt,' asked a laughing wag, 'are we to do honor to your dog?'—'To the boy!' peevishly retorted Master Burkhardt.

Slowly thus proceeding, pleased with himself, with his fellow-citizens and with the boy whom he carried, who had now become still and patient, Master Burkhardt arrived at the Council Square, and drew nigh the stone arches of the Senate-house. On entering the hall, he cried out as before in the street, 'Here, your Honors, I have brought you bodily the deliverer of the city; nobody knows him better than I, for it was to my dog Toggi that he revealed the whole; to him he confided words which ought to be engraved on brass and stone. And now, my fine fellow, you may get down and stand on your feet. I have done my part. You have him now, your Honors, and can reward him as your wisdom shall see fit. He, too, who walks by my side, is Toggi,

my dog for years, a most remarkable, excellent creature ; latterly indeed a little the worse for wear, but —'

'That will do, worthy Master,' interrupted the Mayor, 'I thank you ; your zeal in the good cause merits all praise.'— Then turning to Kuoni, who had now alighted from his gallant steed, 'Come nearer, my son,' said he, 'do not be afraid. You are among men who mean well by you. What is your name?'

'Conrad,' answered the boy. — 'And your father's?'

'He is not my father,' cried Kuoni, vehemently.

In answer to the questions of the friendly Mayor, Kuoni soon told the little history of his life, including his acquaintance with the young John, his stolen pleasure in listening to the beautiful stories of the old Sir Tobias, and the ducking which had been inflicted both on him and his friend, by Uli Wytt, on account of his roguery. When he came to this last particular, a voice was heard, not far from him, which proceeded from a large fine young peasant, with stout shoulders and a handsome rosy face beaming with laughter. 'With your leave, noble Sirs,' said Uli, 'if all that the boy states be as true as this fact, he has not falsified a syllable ; his cold bath below in the lake was exactly so. I took the pretty fellows into my ox-boat and helped them to the ducking.' Kuoni's eye turned towards the speaker, and then sought the ground with shame ; but Herr Burkhardt recognized his intended son-in-law, and heartily shook his right hand.

Frank and amiable as the boy had till now shown himself, and so lovely that it was impossible not to applaud him, he suddenly became mute and sullen, when the Mayor proceeded to the events of yesterday evening



in the hall of the tailors. He only confessed that curiosity and a vague wish to learn his father's plans, and what had occasioned his unusually mild and indulgent humour, had induced him to follow him in the dark when he left his house, and to slip between his legs when he entered the apartment. No farther questions would he answer. Upon this, Master Burkhardt suddenly stooped down, and lifted up his venerable Toggi to a level with Kuoni, as though intending to lay the dog upon his bosom, like a friend deserving of his confidence. But Kuoni turned away, though not without laying his hand on the dog's head and softly stroking him. There was now a full pause; he seemed tired of speaking, and sank into a sort of languid silence. An involuntary impulse directed his eyes towards him whom he had once insulted, and who had taken such ample revenge. He glided towards him, and Lizzie's bridegroom suddenly saw the boy by his side taking hold of his hand. 'Are you still naughty?' asked Kuoni, looking up to Uli; 'are you still angry? be good natured again; do not be vexed with me any more. I too will be good to you; yet one thing, Master Herdsman, was hard, and cruel and savage? Why did you duck the young gentleman into the water? He had not mocked at you, like me. Fye, fye! you wicked man! May God forgive you, I cannot.'

Uli stooped down, and they both began to play, and whisper, and laugh with one another, while the magistrates deliberated upon the rewards to be conferred on the boy." — After some consultation, it was agreed that Kuoni should be permitted to demand for himself whatever he most desired.

“Again the Mayor brought him forward, and in a loud voice announced the decision of the fathers of the city. It was received with a buzz of approbation by the people. When, after hearing the communication of the Mayor, he remained silent and blushing, one and another called out, ‘Up, Kuoni, wish for yourself something worth having; do not let the opportunity slip out of your hands. Ask for a little farm with a garden spot, or a valley in the mountains.’ — ‘Twenty pounds yearly income would be better still; ask for that, you pet of fortune!’

‘No, Conrad; no, Kuoni, my pretty boy, ask them to assign you some able master, and become a skilful mechanic.’

Gradually a loud hubbub had arisen, which did not subside until the Mayor with uplifted hand motioned to silence, as the boy seemed wishing to speak. Instantly the deepest stillness succeeded, and the soft youthful voice of Kuoni was again heard. — ‘My best thanks, my dear Sirs,’ he said in a composed and collected manner, and even with firmness and a sort of dignity — ‘my best thanks for your promise, which richly satisfies me. But to-day, and at this hour, it is impossible for me to name to you my wish. How can I, a poor simple boy, determine at once what is best for me? Just now I will do nothing, but go home with my fine promise and tell my mother; for—for—I do not know yet what I shall ask for.’ ”

Kuoni’s discretion receives the highest approbation from the magistrates. He returns to his home; fine clothes and all manner of dainties are bountifully supplied to him by the grateful citizens, and his fond mother is never weary of gazing on her now well-drest and well-

fed boy. Cherished by her, and no longer fearing the old blows from the tailor's iron yard-stick, he and his infirm parent are too happy to listen to what is going on abroad.

"Suddenly, however, it was no longer possible to be insensible to the noise outside upon the stairs. A heavy uncertain step, and the hard polting of a staff drew nearer and nearer. The mother opened the door to see what was coming, and a moment afterward Kuoni stood petrified with astonishment before the apparition there revealed. Leaning upon his staff, guided by his grandson, Sir Tobias von Hunwyl with his snow-white head tottered over the threshold. Kuoni could not believe his own eyes. It was indeed the dear, venerable old man, who knew so many beautiful stories, but had been unwilling to allow the tailor's boy to listen to them at his grandson's feet. — 'Where is he? is he here?' asked Sir Tobias, with a trembling voice. — 'Tell me, John, when I am before him.'

In this way they came nearer — close up to Kuoni, who stirred not a finger.

'You are now right before him,' whispered John with a mournful smile. The old man then dropped his staff which fell rattling on the floor, — bowed his head, body and knees, on which he sank, and raised his pale, trembling hands to Kuoni. He even touched his person, to assure himself that he was standing before him. 'Art thou the boy?' he then said, — 'yes, yes, thou art; I feel thy presence. Behold! I come hither, I drag my misery to thy feet — to the feet of him whom I have despised. Have mercy on the family and race of Hunwyl; avert from us the everlasting disgrace of the hangman's

hand. Thou canst do it. Thou hast permission to offer a petition to the high council—suffer me to dictate it—give me thy hand—let me water it with the tears of a trembling old man. Pardon, for my guilty son—pardon, for the father of this unfortunate youth—John, art thou kneeling before him?”

Kuoni now recovering from his amazement, burst into loud exclamations. With an eagerness proportioned to his preceding stupor, he threw himself upon John, who seemed about to imitate the example and obey the orders of his grandfather, dropped down at his feet and clasped his playfellow's knees. ‘Dear, dear John,’ he cried, ‘dear, best loved John, do not mock me. You here! here, in this poor room, and the old gentleman—kneeling—there—on the floor—Heavens and earth!’

With John's help, he now succeeded in lifting up the heart-stricken old man, and placing him on one of the wooden chairs which were there. The two boys then knelt on each side of him, took his hands and covered them with kisses and tears, and Kuoni now perceived what it was that he must do.”

The streets were still so crowded and tumultuous that Kuoni would have found it difficult to make his way to the senate chamber, had not the good-natured Uli Wytt performed the same service for him which Herr Burkhardt had done before. “On their way, Kuoni's bearer repeatedly cried, ‘See, dear friends; this is the boy—he is now going to the gentlemen yonder, to offer his petition.’—Even on the threshold of the hall, Uli reiterated these words in such a soft, beautiful and yet manly tone, that he was heard at a distance, and touched all hearts. The Mayor turned to him and said, ‘What,



boy ! do you come *to-day* ? Could not you have waited with your petition till tomorrow ?'

'No,' trembled from Kuoni's lips.

'Be brief then, — what do you wish ? Yet before you speak, bethink yourself ; have you well considered what will be best for you ?'

'I have,' timidly answered the boy.

'Speak, then.'

Uli, who had stepped back, and was kneeling behind Kuoni, now awaited his answer, but it lingered. — 'Courage !' he whispered to him, 'courage, my little fellow ! Do not let your voice tremble ; you must speak firmly and boldly, for you are in the right. They will be obliged to keep their promise to you.'

'Ah, Mr. Uli, I do not know what makes my knees tremble.' — Suddenly, however, he collected himself ; his deportment resumed its firmness, and boldly looking the Mayor in the face, he said, 'I have permission to ask for what I please ; it has been solemnly awarded to me by yourself and the supreme council. I now name my wish. You must grant me the lives of the condemned men.'

A deep silence followed Kuoni's bold demand, gradually succeeded by sullen murmurs, until the voice of the Mayor was heard, saying, 'You have been ill advised — this petition, we know, comes not from yourself. Is it expected, that I should condescend to explain to you the reasons why the prisoners cannot be pardoned ?'

'Cannot you pardon them ?' asked Kuoni. — 'No !' — 'Honoured Sir,' cried the boy at once, with flashing eyes, and a sort of inspiration in his face, 'if you cannot, do not ; I ask not for what you cannot grant, but you must

give *me* those prisoners. I *will* have them. I demand them as my boon; you dare not refuse them.'

'How? how?' cried the Mayor, starting from his seat. At this moment Rudolph von Erlach impetuously seized his hand, and exclaimed, 'Do you hear? God speaks through the boy. He is the angel who shows the way of deliverance. Your plighted word is his. Break it if you dare!' — 'You dare not, nor one in this assembly of honorable citizens,' suddenly exclaimed a voice, the tones of which reminded the Mayor of the wrestling games, while a figure appeared before the bar, which inspired all the beholders with reverence. There stood, in the presence of the high council, the hermit of Rigi, with his snow white head and beard, holding the boy by the hand, who clung to him like a rose to a leafless stem. He now declared himself as his protector, and supported his petition with an eloquence, which coming even from other lips than those of the hermit who was so universally revered, and regarded as a saint, would have made the most profound impression; but which, issuing from his mouth, bore along with it all hearts and kindled every soul. While he was yet speaking, the Mayor beckoned to a person who was standing on one side, and who carried in his girdle a large bunch of keys; and in a low voice gave him an order, whereupon he withdrew, accompanied with many halberdiers. The council did not allow the hermit to conclude, or rather, their enthusiasm did not permit them to wait till he was silent. The men tumultuously rose from their seats, all crying simultaneously, as with one mouth, 'It is the will of God; let the boy's petition be granted!'

The wife and son of the knight of Hunwyl were present at the scene, and joyfully received their released husband and father. A kinsman of the Lady von Hunwyl, enraptured with the beauty and spirit of Kuoni, resolves from that moment to adopt him as his son. But even before the release of the son for whom he had so pathetically pleaded, the aged Sir Tobias, exhausted by grief and anxiety, had taken to his bed, to rise from it no more. The conclusion of that eventful day is thus described.

"In the palace of Hunwyl, the knight sat by the side of his gray, blind father, and held his hand, which was ever growing colder and colder. At the head and foot of the bed, the other relatives of the dying old man stood, or knelt, or murmured prayers. Already father Egon had administered to him the sacrament, — 'And so, my son, thou art saved and free,' said Sir Tobias in a feeble tone, as he had done many times before; seeming as if he must continually ask the question, must hear it answered in the affirmative, and feel of his son's hand, to convince himself that he was present, before he could believe the fact. 'Yes, father; yes, in very deed,' answered the knight in a hoarse and gloomy tone, while the lady and her young daughter wept.

'Where is my daughter-in-law, Lady Hedwig?' — 'Here!' — 'And my little grand-daughter, where is she?' — 'Here, here too! honoured father.'

'And where is Johnny, my darling, my grandson?' — A burning kiss was imprinted on the left cheek of the old man. 'That is my Johnny's,' he said, 'here he is, blessings on him! Blessings on you all! — and where,' he then continued, 'is he — Ah! *he* whom I mean?'

From beneath his arm, amid loud, vehement sobs, an eager head was lifted up, a fresh, warm breath fanned his cold face, and hot tears dropped upon it. — ‘Wait, listener,’ said the old man with his last smile. ‘Wouldst thou hear a story? I know no more — save only one — only one more — about the *brave boy of Lucerne*. — *That* I would recite to my progenitors. I will carry it with me yonder, to my ancestors. Blessings on the brave boy!’

Sir Tobias gasped once again, and was no more.”

L. O.

THE END.

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## THE LITTLE INVALID.

SEE FRONTISPIECE.

THE shortening days, and clear, frosty mornings, told that October had come; and little Ellen, who had been confined to her room by illness for three months, was rejoicing in the thought that her physician had given her leave to take a short journey with her mother. The carriage came to the door on a bright, Indian-summer morning, and Ellen saw the black trunk, in the packing of which she had taken so much interest the day before, fastened on behind it. When she was seated, and the carriage began to move, she almost felt as if she had been dead, and was then beginning a new life; the fresh, soft air, and the gay notes of the little chipping sparrows by the door gave her a refreshed and happy



feeling she had never had before ; and as she looked up at the shaded crimson leaves of the Virginia creeper that hung in rich festoons over the gateway, as they drove through, she thought she had never seen anything so beautiful. As they went on, the yellow Hawkweed by the wayside, that she had passed by a hundred times, without thinking whether it were pretty or not, looked most brilliant in her eyes, as its golden blossoms, in myriads, studded the green banks at the side of the road.

She looked up at her mother with glistening eyes, and she understood what her child was feeling, and replied to her looks by repeating to her the words of the poet,

“ See the wretch that long had tost  
On the thorny bed of pain,  
At length regain his vigor lost,  
And breathe and walk again ; —  
The meanest flowret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To him are opening Paradise.”

Ellen had borne pain and weakness and weariness with patience and sweetness, feeling that it was the will of her Heavenly Father that she should suffer ; though there was little for her actively to do, she had been doing His will through her illness with gentleness and humility and disinterestedness ; and now her faith in His kindness and love was gaining strength from the beauty of His outward world. To her, therefore, with more even than the poet's meaning, was it “ opening Paradise.”

S. S. F.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HYMN.

Oh! that I had a seraph's tongue  
And an immortal lyre!

Oh! that the themes which Moses sung,  
My bosom might inspire!

Then would I sweep the living strings,  
And sound my Maker's name,  
Then rising on Religion's wings,  
I'd catch devotion's flame!

And I would sing of Him, whose name  
First hung the world in air;  
The vast — the eternal mind that form'd  
Creation's face so fair.

But oh! what human tongue can tell  
All that declares His love?  
On such a theme my soul would dwell  
In scenes of bliss above.

Bright is the cheering morn whose light  
Awakes the glowing day;  
And bright the splendid noon, whose flight  
Gives place to twilight gray.  
Bright are the little stars that shine,  
And deck the midnight sky, —  
And brighter still the ray divine  
That lights Devotion's eye.

Soft are the gently falling dews  
Which nurse the flowers of earth,  
Soft are the intermingled hues  
Which mark the rainbow's birth;  
Soft is the tender light that beams  
Along the western sky,

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And sweet the child of nature deems  
Its rich variety.

Glorious is the morning sun  
Just breaking into day,  
Glorious then, his race half run,  
He beams his noontide ray —  
Glorious is the wide survey  
Of Ocean's vast expanse, —  
Glorious to see the morning ray  
Upon its surface dance.

Sweet is the summer breeze that curls  
The wavelets of the lake,  
Sweet is the dew-drop that impearls  
At noon each opening brake ;  
Sweet are the colors of the rose  
That life to life impart :  
And sweet the bloom that comes and goes  
With tidings from the heart.

Grand is the Cataract that pours  
Its stream from Erie's Lake ;  
Grand is the mountain stream that roars  
O'er rocks where whirlwinds break.  
And grand the moral sight sublime,  
Which mortal man displays,  
Who, smiling on the wreck of time,  
A future life surveys.

'Tis good the infant soul to view  
Just bursting into birth,  
When thought is innocent and new,  
Nor knows the storm of earth —  
Ere silver-toned temptation sounds  
Upon its taintless ear,  
Ere conscience, self-inflicting wounds,  
Has startled it with fear.

'Tis good to view the happy hours  
Of unsuspecting youth,  
When every path is strew'd with flowers,  
And every word is truth; —  
While brothers, friends, and sisters, yet  
In sweet communion dwell,  
And joys that none can e'er forget,  
Their guileless bosoms swell.

'Tis good to guide the infant mind  
By reason's cloudless ray,  
Ere by sophistic art refin'd  
It scorns truth's fearless way,  
To mark the infant soul ascend  
The steep of knowledge high,  
And through the clouds of distance, wend  
To Heaven's sublimer sky.

And it is passing good that man  
Can cast his eye abroad,  
And in the universal plan  
Behold his Maker, God!  
All that is pure and bright in Heaven,  
All that is glorious, grand,  
All that is sweet and good is given  
By His Almighty hand.

And all is good — e'en clouds that dim  
The splendor of the sky,  
And all is good that comes from Him,  
Though dark to mortal eye;  
While o'er my thoughts these blessings roll,  
And songs of praise I pour,  
Devotion whispers to my soul,  
"Be silent and adore!"



## HISTORY OF MUSIC.

FROM "Gleanings from the History of Music," by Joseph Bird, we make a few extracts, which we hope may interest our young friends. That they are interested in Music, we take for granted, for there is no child so deficient in musical ear that he does not love to hear the blue-bird's warble in Spring, or that of the cage-born Canary, if he is not so happy as to live in the country; and most of our readers, no doubt, have at least enough knowledge and love of music as an art, to have favorite tunes, and to enjoy singing them. Mr. Bird thus introduces his subject:

"What was the first music in the world? This question is easily answered. For as the mountains, and valleys, and rivers, and seas, were from the beginning, so has music been. It was the music of nature, of the air and the water, the brook, and the distant waterfall, — of the gentle wind, which, moving forth upon the earth, caused the grass, and herb, and tree, to spring forth. It was the music of birds, of insects, and of every thing which had life. In the first joyous spring of existence, what glorious music this must have been! We talk of the music of our time, — of our organs and thousands of instruments and voices uniting in chorus of praise to God, or for our amusement, — and of the wonderful genius of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and others; but no music ever composed by mortals can be compared with that of the morning of the seventh day. Does any one doubt this? Let him rise

early, then, some fine spring morning, and go out alone into the fields, away from the noise of man, and he will hear such music as no man ever made or sung, — the music of God himself. Does any one say he hears nothing of all this? Quite possible. Many men have so filled their minds with matters which they themselves, and not God, have made, as to be wholly absorbed in their own, and not his, creations. Their ears are tuned to the ring of silver, or the sound of the trumpet, the cannon, and the shout and din of war, which unfit them for better music."

"But what music did man make in the ancient time? It is not known that he sung or played upon instruments until the world had been made two thousand years, — and little enough is known of what he did then; but who can suppose, that, when all the world, and the moon, and the stars sang together for joy, man alone was dumb?"

In the chapter on the Music of the Egyptians is an account of the first instrument with a neck.

"There are at Rome two obelisks, which are supposed to have been erected by Sesostris, near four hundred years before the Trojan war. They were taken from Egypt by Augustus after he had reduced it to a Roman province. Upon one of them is represented a musical instrument of two strings, with a neck to it, which much resembles one which was in common use in the kingdom of Naples at the time when Dr. Burney wrote. Other musical instruments have been found in great number, but none with a neck like the violin, and although a very simple instrument, it was for its time no doubt a very wonderful one. Father Montfaucon says, that in

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examining the representations of nearly five hundred ancient lyres, harps, and citharas, he never met with one in which there was any contrivance for shortening the strings during the time of performance, as by a neck or finger-board. From this it may be inferred that the Egyptians cultivated music, with some degree of success, at least four hundred years before the Trojan war, and had discovered the means of extending their scale and multiplying the sound of a few strings by the most simple expedients."

In the same chapter the invention of the lyre by Mercury is noticed.

"Mercury was one of the secondary gods of Egypt, who received divine honors for the good he had done to the world while living. He is called by Sir Isaac Newton the Secretary of Osiris. He was the first who formed a regular language and gave names to the most useful things. He invented letters. He instituted several religious rites, and gave to the world the first principles of astronomy. He afterwards suggested as amusements wrestling and dancing, and invented the lyre, to which he gave three strings, one for each of the seasons of the year, which in Greece as well as in Egypt, were only three. The lowest represented Winter, the middle Spring, and the highest Summer.

"Apollodorus says, that when the waters of the Nile had returned within their bounds, many dead animals were found, and, with others, a tortoise, the flesh of which being wasted, nothing was left within the shell but nerves and cartilages; and these being contracted, were rendered sonorous. Mercury, walking along the banks of the Nile, struck it with his foot, and was so

pleased with the sound it produced, that it suggested to him the first idea of a lyre, which he constructed in the same form, and strung with the dried sinews of dead animals."

From the bulky, and often dry and tedious works which contain the history of music, Mr. Bird has selected *facts* relating to eminent musicians and composers, to instruments and their inventors, and to music in general, written, or expressed by sound; and also the beautiful or grotesque *fancies* that come to us in the place of facts, when the period to which they relate lies far off in the dusky past. The ideas which belong to all time, when they reach us from the ancient world, come not as naked truths, but are clothed with a delicate plumage and bright wings by man's imagination; and many of the beautiful ideas of the Grecian mythology relate to music.

This little volume is not a regular and continuous History of Music; but is, as its title implies, a gathering of such scattered ears as may prove agreeable, instructive, or amusing, from a wide field, in which few have leisure or opportunity to glean for themselves. S. S. F.

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*Translated from the German of Jean Paul Richter.*

"DOES not the echo in the sea-shell tell of the worm which once inhabited it; and shall not man's good deeds live after him, and sing his praise?"



## ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

*Published at 80 Nassau Street, New York.*

THE first number of this little weekly sheet appeared on Saturday, September 8th, in a neat and attractive form. The editor is well known, doubtless, to many of our young readers, who have sung

"I love it, I love it! and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?"

or have read with pleasure "The Old Barn," "Buttercups and Daisies," or "The Household Room." In a poetical address to her readers, entitled "Ten Years Ago," Eliza Cook thus speaks to them of her plans and hopes in her new enterprise.

"I bring you now a posy bunch of varied scent and hue,  
And rather think "Forget Me Not," will anxiously peep  
through;

True loyal hands to Nature's cause have helped to pluck  
the flowers,

And pray that you will take them home to nurse in even-  
ing hours.

What say you? will they gain a place upon the window  
sill?

Have you some household nook to spare, which they will  
serve to fill?

And as ye took my sombre branch, in midst of wintry  
gloom,

Will ye as tenderly receive my bunch of spring-time  
bloom?

Once safe beneath your sunny care, oh! how the leaves  
will blow,  
And proudly crown the hope you gave me, ten years ago.

Spring flowers are sweet in every place, we like to see  
them come

On upland sod, by roadside hedge, and round about our  
home;

The monarch lady bears them 'mid the jewels on her  
breast,

And poverty will seek a bud to deck its tattered vest.

Oh! take my mingled offering.—I long to hear you say

You like the simple blossoms which I place upon your  
way.

It is the lucid dew of truth, that gems each painted cup,

'Tis freedom gives the fragrance, and my heartstrings tie  
them up;

Oh! take them, gentle reader, let my "spring flowers"  
live and grow

With you who reared my "Christmas Holly," ten years  
ago."

There is nothing on the face of this New York imprint to indicate that it is a re-print of an English journal, and yet Eliza Cook is an English woman, and in the piece from which these verses are taken, she addresses the same "world's broad, honest ear," which listened to her "Old Dobbin," and the "People's Song." It would be very satisfactory to see upon the title-page of a book or the heading of a journal which is re-printed here, notice of the fact. If its English origin is supposed by the publisher to be a fact favorable to the work, well and good; if not, show us, like "honest Francisco," the bruised side of the melon.

S. S. F.

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THE YOUNG MARTYR.

THE following touching anecdote, translated from the celebrated "Petersburg Evenings" of the Count de Maistre, must be read with interest, so long as pain and disease continue to be the lot of mortals.

"At this moment, I cannot help thinking of that young girl who has become so celebrated in this great city, among those beneficent individuals who regard it as a sacred duty to seek out and relieve misfortune. She is eighteen years of age; for the last five years she has been tormented with a horrible cancer which is consuming her head. Her eyes and nose have already disappeared, and the malady is encroaching on her virgin breast, like a conflagration which consumes a palace. Though a prey to the sharpest pains, a tender and almost celestial piety detaches her from earth, and seems to render her inaccessible and indifferent to suffering. She does not say with the proud Stoic, 'O Pain, thou mayst do thy worst, but never shalt thou compel me to admit that thou art an evil!' She does far better; she says nothing about it. Only words of submission, love and gratitude have ever come from her lips. The invariable resignation of this maiden has become a kind of spectacle; and as in the early ages of Christianity, they repaired to the Circus out of simple curiosity, to behold there a Blandina, an Agatha, a Perpetua delivered up to lions or wild bulls, and more than one spectator came away surprised into becoming a Christian; so in your noisy city, the curious come to contemplate this young

martyr delivered up to cancer. As she has lost her sight, they can approach her without troubling her, and many carry away better thoughts. One day peculiar compassion was expressed towards her, on account of her long and cruel nights of sleeplessness. 'I am not,' she replied, 'so unhappy as you suppose; God bestows on me the grace to think only upon Him.' — And when an excellent man once said to her, 'My dear child, what is the first favor which you shall ask of God, when you shall be in His presence?' — she replied, with evangelical simplicity, "I shall ask of Him the grace in behalf of my benefactors, that they may love Him as much as I do." "

L. O.

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### ANSWER TO THE CHARADE

IN THE SEPTEMBER NO. OF THE CHILD'S FRIEND.

You *pur*, my dear Tabby, while now you repose  
 On the cushion that lies at my feet;  
 And at dinner, no doubt, you, as usual, will *sue*  
 "For a delicate morsel of meat."

I have seen you watch long for a rat or a mouse,  
 For a bird or a grasshopper, too;  
 And mouse, bird, and insect, and dry yellow leaf,  
 With speed I have seen you *pursue*.

I. C. WHAT U. R.



## A BEAUTIFUL FACT.

A lady in England, about the year 1832, had left her, by a relative, a small legacy in the island of Antigua. It consisted of ten slaves, to be divided between herself and brother, who was overseer of a large plantation in the island. Her share consisted of a man, two women, and two children.

Many would have said, 'Now I have an addition to my property!' But this good woman heard only the voice of God in this bequest, saying 'Here are five of my poor. I have sent them to you that you may deliver them from the hand of the oppressor.' Her resolution was instantly taken; no *doubts*, no thoughts of wealth or inheritance clouded her vision; but how shall she proceed? Shall she trust her brother?—Alas! she *knew* him too well. To hire an agent, her means were not sufficient, and she took the heroic resolution that she would be herself the instrument of their deliverance. With her babe in her arms, she crossed the ocean at an inclement season of the year, and arrived at Antigua only to meet the reproaches of her brother, and the sneers and insults of almost the whole population. They told her of dangers and fears, but she went calmly on. They could not prevent her purpose, and the liberated slaves poured out their blessings and thanks amid tears of gratitude and joy.

About six months after this event, a young missionary was about returning to England for his health, and was desirous of taking with him some preserves, shells, etc.,

as presents to his friends. They happened to be very scarce at that time: at last, he heard of two women who had a very fine stock. He went to their hut, and they willingly displayed their little store. 'Well, now,' said he, 'name your price.' 'We no want to sell them, massa,' was the reply. 'Why? I will give a large price for them, as I must sail tomorrow.' Still the reply was, 'We *can not* sell them, massa.'—His curiosity was excited, and when they could no longer with courtesy refuse to give a reason, they said with a pathos and sweetness which thrilled the young man's heart, 'You no hear about our good missis, massa; how she came over the sea with her little picaninny in her arms, and all the buckra massas and her brother mad with her 'bout we: and you think we ever forget her? No! massa, never. And so we getting these things, massa, to send to our kind missis!'

Oh! why will not mankind learn that *love* wins with peace and sweetness, what *force* labors in vain to compel?—*Christian World.*

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"How like rain is the human heart; having no beauty in itself, but, beneath the smile of God, showing forth with all the rainbow's glory;—or how like a star, which, though but dust, can yet be cherished into a semblance of the Fountain of Light." — *Jean Paul Richter.*

## GOD SEEN IN ALL HIS WORKS.

## A TALE FROM THE GERMAN:

IN that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble estate, as you travel on the western bank of the river, which you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old as itself.

About forty years ago, there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we shall call Baron —. He had only one son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

It happened on a certain occasion that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to the castle, who began to talk of his Heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood; on which the Baron reproved him, saying, "Are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?" The gentleman said he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen Him. The Baron this time did not notice what the gentleman said; but the next morning he took him about his castle grounds, and took occasion first to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall. The gentleman admired the picture very much, and said, "Whoever drew this picture knows very well how to use the pencil."

"My son drew that picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a clever man," replied the gentleman. The Baron then went with his visitor into the gar-

den, and showed him many beautiful flowers and plantations of forest trees.

"Who has the ordering of this garden?" asked the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron; "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron then took him into the village, and showed him a small, neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents, to be received and nourished at his own expense. The children in the house looked so innocent and so happy, that the gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle, he said to the Baron, "What a happy man you are to have so good a son!"

"How do you know I have so good a son?" "Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be good and clever, if he has done all that you have shown me."

"But you have not seen him."

"No, but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works."

"True," replied the Baron, "and in this way I judge of the character of our Heavenly Father. I know by his works, that he is a being of infinite wisdom, and power, and goodness."

The Frenchman felt the force of the reproof, and was careful not to offend the good Baron any more by his remarks.





